Cat. He will do all in all as *Haſtings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Haſtings*, how he ſtands affected
Vnto our purpoſe, If he be willing,
Encourage him and ſhew him all our reaſons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold vnwilling,
Be thou ſo too: and ſo breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counſels
Wherein thy ſelfe ſhall highly be imployed.
Glo. Commend me to L. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduerſaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Caſtle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mis *Shore* one gentle kiſſe the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this buſineſſe ſoundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we ſleepe?
Cat. You ſhall my Lord. *Exit Catesby.*
Glo. At *Crosby* place there ſhall you find vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord, what ſhall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Haſtings* will not yeild to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, ſome what we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother ſtood poſſeſt.
Buc. Ile claime that promiſe at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingneſſe.
Come let vs ſup betimes, that afterwards
we may digeſt our complots in ſome forme *Exeunt.*

Enter a meſſenger to Lord Haſtings.

Meſſ. What ho my Lord.
Haſt. Who knocks at the doore?
Meſſ. A meſſenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Haſt.*
Haſt. Whats a Clocke?
Meſſ. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.
Haſt. Cannot thy maſter ſleepe the tedious night?
Meſſ. So it ſhould ſeeme by that I haue to ſay:

First

First he commends him to you
Haſt. And then. *Meſ.* A
He dreamt to night, the Boar
Beſides he ſayes, there are two
And that many be determined
Which may make you and hi
Therefore he ſends to know yo
If preſently you will take horſe
And with all ſpeed poſt into th
To ſhun the danger that his ſo
Haſt. Good fellow goe retu
Bid him not feare the ſeperated
His honour and my ſelfe are a
And at the other is my ſeruan
Where nothing can proceed th
Whereof I ſhall not haue inte
Tell him his feares are ſhallow
And for his dreames, I wonder
To truſt the mockery of vnqu
To flie the Bore before the Bo
Were to incence the Boare to
And make purſuit where he d
Go bid thy maſter riſe and co
And we will both together to
Where he ſhall ſee the Boare
Meſ. My gracious Lord, ile te

Enter Catesby to

Cat. Many good morrows t
Haſt. Good morrow *Cate*
What news, what news, in thi
Cat. It is a reeling world ind
And I beleeue twill neuer ſtan
Till *Richard* weare the Garlan
Haſt. How? weare the Ga
Cat. I my good Lord.
Haſt. Ile haue this crowne
Ere I will ſee the Crowne ſo f
But canſt thou gueſſe that he
Cat. Vpon my life my L. an

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